YOU ARE OUR FUTURE LIGHT
HEY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PHYSIOGNOMY CLASS?
NO, I'VE GOT WORK AT THE CHURCH'S SOUP KITCHEN
TO SAVE THE POOR...
AND RESTORE HOPE TO THOSE IN DESPAIR...
THAT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU.
WELL, NOBODY LIKES BEING POOR
I JUST WANT TO HELP
CAN YOU MAKE UP SOME EXCUSE FOR ME?
OK
IN THIS CLOSED-OFF WORLD OF A TOWN,
SEE YOU TOMORROW, YAHEL
IN THE MANNER OF THE PROPHET WHO ONCE CROSSED THE SEA WITH HIS PEOPLE.

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YOU ARE OUR FUTURE LIGHT.

Kimi to Boku to Sekai no Owari

(The End of You, Me, and the World)

Kayase Shiki

UH, I GOT INTO A MESS
WAIT, SANA?, WHEN DID YOU HURT YOUR CHEEK?!
THE BLACK PLAGUE AGAIN? YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT A LOT THESE DAYS.
THERE'S QUITE A BIG STINK NEAR THE GATES.
THE BLACK PLAGUE'S HIT THE TOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN EVERYONE'S GETTING WORRIED
YOU'D BETTER START BEING CAREFUL, YOU KNOW
DON'T WORRY. IT'S JUST A SCRATCH

HE'D BE HAPPY TO RECOMMEND YOU FOR A CAREER IN PHYSIOGNOMY.
HE WAS RAVING ABOUT THE WAY YOU PINPOINTED CRIMINALS FROM THEIR DESCRIPTIONS.
PROF REDON?
BY THE WAY, PROF. REDON WANTED TO SEE YOU.
YOU'RE AT THE TOP, BASICALLY.
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE A FUTURE AS AN INQUISITOR AHEAD OF YOU.
HA HA.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT KIND OF PERSONALITY SOMEBODY HAS FROM THEIR EYE SHAPE, ANYWAY?
MAN, HOW COOL IS THAT? I'M PRACTICALLY FLUNKING THE SUBJECT.
PHYSIOGNOMY TRIES TO ASSESS WHAT A PERSON IS LIKE ON THE INSIDE BASED ON HIS OR HER APPEARANCE.
WHAT'S MORE
WHY?!
HUH?!
HOW DO I TURN DOWN THE OFFER?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN BECOMING A PHYSIOGNOMIST OR AN INQUISITOR.
SANAT?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A STUDY—WAIT, NO, A MEANS CREATED TO JUSTIFY THE RULE OF THE PRIVILEGED CLASS
A TOOL TO JUDGE PEOPLE, TO CONDEMN THEM AS DEVILS
DO YOU REALIZE THE GIST OF IT? THE POOR ARE EVIL. THE RICH ARE GOOD.
YOU MEAN—?
WHAT'S THE POINT IN THAT?
BUT EVERYBODY SAYS . . .
THE REASON THIS TOWN HAS BEEN ABLE TO AVOID GOD'S WRATH—THE BLACK PLAGUE
IS BECAUSE OF OUR INQUISITORS' RELENTLESS DEVIL HUNTING
—IT'S RATS
HUH?
THE PROFESSOR WHO WAS EXECUTED IN THE DEVIL HUNT ONCE SAID . . .
THE RATS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR SPREADING THE PLAGUE
OUR TOWN IS CUT OFF FROM THE SURROUNDING TOWNS. AND NO ONE ENTERS AND LEAVES WITHOUT GOING THROUGH A SECURITY CHECK. THAT'S WHY THE PEOPLE HERE RARELY GET SICK

SOME-
TIMES
I DREAM
YAHEL.
ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THE INQUISITORS THEMSELVES ARE PART OF THE—?
OF A WORLD WITH NO DEVIL HUNTS OR POOR PEOPLE.
YOU...
A WORLD WHERE NO ONE TRIES TO PULL OTHERS DOWN,
WHERE EVERYBODY LIVES IN HARMONY WITH EACH OTHER,
EVEN US.
ARE OUR FUTURE LIGHT.
LIKE THAT TORCH LIT IN THE DARK,
THE RIPPLES YOU CAUSE...
WILL REACH THE PEOPLE.
SOMEDAY,
A BENIGN WORLD WILL UNFOLD HERE.
SANAT, I WANT TO SEE THAT WORLD WITH YOU.

YAHEL!
SANAT'S BEEN CAPTURED BY INQUISITORS IN THE SQUARE!
B-BAD... NEWS
WHAT'S THE RUSH, FAN?
SANAT
HUH?
WHZZZ
WHZZZ
Clamor
Clamor
EXCUSE ME
LET ME THROUGH.
FAN, HOW DID SANAT LAND HIMSELF IN A DEVIL HUNT?
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE RESENTED HIM FOR HELPING THE WEAK
SFX SWOOSH
SANAT'S INTELLIGENT AND LIKABLE
SO HE HAS TO GO BEFORE HE GAINS MORE INFLUENCE—

YOU...
ARE OUR GUIDING LIGHT.
THAT KID'S ALWAYS AT THE SOUP KITCHEN
THIEF!
WE DON'T GIVE ALMS TO THE CHURCH SO YOU CAN FEED PEOPLE WHO DON'T WORK!
YOU HEARD HER!
WE KNOW YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, THE WAY YOU TRY TO WIN THE BEGGARS OVER TO YOUR SIDE!
KILL HIM!
.....
"SOME-DAY..."

A WORLD WHERE EVERYBODY LIVES IN HARMONY WITH EACH OTHER.
SAN—
STOP, YAHEL!
F—
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO WHEN THE CROWD TURNS INTO A MOB
YOU'LL ONLY GET YOURSELF KILLED!
PILE UP WOOD!
BURN HIM DOWN!
YOU DEVIL! THE BEGGARS ARE THE TOWN'S TRASH!
AWAY WITH THEM BEGGARS!
IF THEY STICK AROUND, THE BLACK PLAGUE WILL STRIKE THE TOWN!
BURN THEM WITH HIM!
I WILL NEVER FORGET...
SET THEM ON FIRE!
BURN THE DEVIL!

ALSO,
YOUR NARROW FOREHEAD IS A SIGN OF COWARDICE.
THE HIGH CHEEKBONES SHOW A LACK OF VIRTUE.
THE RATIO OF YOUR NOSE TO YOUR JAW SIGNIFIES A WEAK WILL— YOU ARE LIKELY TO BE TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.
ALL THESE CONFIRM THAT YOU, GIRL, HAVE BEEN CONSORTING WITH THE DEVIL. THE VERDICT IS GUILTY.
CONSIGN YOUR SOUL TO GOD FOR PURIFICATION.
...HOW THE TOWN YOU LOVED...
BETRAYED YOU,
BURNING YOU UNTIL THE SMOKE BILLOWED BLACK.

Nooooo!
HAVE MERCY!
HAVE MERCY, INQUISITOR, SIR!
THAT IS ALL
NO, HELP ME!
GET UP!
NO, PLEASE!
whisper
TOUGH LUCK, HAVING A TRIAL WITH THAT INQUISITOR.
HE'S THE DEVIL HIMSELF.
whisper
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE BLACK PLAGUE?
YEAH IT'S SWEPT THROUGH MANY TOWNS IN THE EAST
THEY SAY THERE ARE ENTIRE VILLAGES THAT HAVE DIED OUT, TOO
DEAD BODIES MUST BE ALL OVER THE PLACE BECAUSE THERE AREN'T ENOUGH PEOPLE ALIVE TO BURY THEM.
DIVINE RETRIBUTION, THAT'S WHAT.
WE'RE SAFE, THOUGH.
WE KILL THE DEVILS AS SOON AS WE FIND THEM.

YAHEL,
DON'T YOU THINK YOUR HARSH SENTENCES MIGHT EARN YOU ENEMIES?
..HARSH?
ISN'T IT AN INQUISITOR'S JOB TO NIP EVIL IN THE BUD? THE SOONER THE BETTER.
HAVE I BEEN WRONG IN MY JUDG-MENT?
WELL...
YAHEL... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL YOU IN TOWN?
I KNOW...

"THE PHYSIOGNOMIST WHO CONDEMNS EVERY SINGLE PERSON HE'S CAUGHT AS A DEVIL."
"THE INQUISITOR WHO CREATES DEVILS."
THEN WHY?!
FAN...
YOU ARE OUR FUTURE LIGHT
IF SANAT WAS A DEVIL,
THE ONE TO SAVE THE POOR...
AND RESTORE HOPE TO THOSE IN DESPAIR...
WHO ISN'T?

"EVERYBODY..."
I'LL NEVER FORGET...
YAHEL...
THAT DAY, NOT ONE OF THEM...
"LIVES IN HARMONY."
CHOSE THE HALCYON WORLD SANAT ENVISIONED—
INSTEAD, THEY PICKED THE ONE WITH ME HUNTING DEVILS.
I WILL TAKE MY REVENGE AGAINST THE WORLD.

A THREATENING LETTER, EH?
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HOLDING A TRIAL IN A NOBLE HOUSEHOLD WASN'T A WISE MOVE.
THE QUESTION IS NOW FAR I CAN GO.
SOON THIS WORLD WILL BE RID OF DEVILS.
IT WILL BE CLOAKED IN SACRED SILENCE.
Clatter
IT'S TIME I ASKED YOU A FAVOR.
CLATTER
PHYSIOGNOMIST YAHEL!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR ABUSE OF POWER AND BLASPHEMY.
!?
A RAT?
SQUEAK
YOU SHOULD HAVE JUDGED ONLY THE IGNORANT.
AT LAST, THE INQUISITOR WHO'S BEEN CONDEMNING OTHERS AS DEVILS IS GOING TO HELL.
FALL
!?
thud
CAPTAIN, THIS MAN HAS PURPLE WELTS!
PURPLE WELTS?

DON'T TELL ME—
Argh!
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
COUGH
TH—THE BLACK PLAGUE!
HE'S CONTRACTED THE BLACK PLAGUE!
DON'T BE STUPID!
HOW COULD HE...?!
Yikes!
LIKE A GIANT BLAZE TO BURN THE WORLD...
THE BLACK PLAGUE WILL CONSUME THE TOWN IN FLAMES.
I'LL BE GONE..
TOGETHER WITH THE TOWN THAT KILLED YOU.
PERHAPS THEY'LL SPEW THE ASHES TO THE HEAVENS WHERE YOU ARE.
SANAT...
I...
COUGH
WANTED TO...
LIVE IN THE BENIGN WORLD...
YOU TALKED ABOUT...
END